

**LESSONS FOR
CHILDREN
FROM THREE
TO FOUR
YEARS OLD**

Mrs. Barbauld (Anna Letitia)



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Barbould, Anna Letitia (Aikin)

L E S S O N S

FOR

CHILDREN

From three to four years old

IN TWO PARTS

DUBLIN

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Copy 1

Here is a whip. Whip away.

Make haste, horse.

I want to ride a live horse:

Saddle the horse for the little boy.

The horse prances, he tosses his
head, he pricks up his ears, he
starts.

Sit fast ; take care he does not throw
you ; he ambles, he trots, he gal-
lops. The horse stumbles. Down
comes poor Charles in the dirt.—
Hark ! the huntsman's horn
sounds.

The hounds come by with their long

sweeping ears.

The horses are in a foam.

See how they break down the farmers' fences.

Now they leap over the ditch. One, two, three. They are all gone over.

They are running after the hare.

Poor little hare, I believe you must be caught.

In Germany they hunt the tusky boar.



Englishmen love roast beef and plum-pudding.

The Dutchman loves cheese and
red herring.

The Frenchman loves soup and
salad.

The Italian loves macaroni.

The German loves ham and pom-
pernicke.

Turks sit cross-legged upon carpets.

Negroes are black, their hands are
black, and their faces black, and
all their bodies. It will not wash
off; it is the colour of their skin.
Negroes have flat noses and thick
lips, and black hair, curled all

over like wool.

The Indians, in North America,
have copper-coloured skins.

Greenlanders drink train oil.

Russians travel in sledges over the
ice.

Fire and smoke come out of Mount
Vesuvius.

Dutchmen travel in boats upon
canals.

Come and give mamma three kisses.

One, two, three.

Little boys must always come when

mama calls them.

Blow your nose.

Here is a handkerchief.

Come and let me comb your hair.

Stand still.

Here is the comb-case for you to
hold.

Your frock is untied.

Pray clasp my shoe.

Somebody knock at the door.

Open the door.

Come in.

Reach a chair.

Sit down.

Come to the fire.

How do you do?

Very well.

Bring some coals. Make up the
fire.

Sweep up the hearth.

Where is the brush?

Do not stand upon the hearth.

Do not meddle with the ink-horn.

See, you have inked your frock.

Here is a slate for you, and here
is a pencil.

Now sit down on the carpet and
write.

What is this red smooth stick?

It is sealing wax.

What is it for?

To seal letters with.

I want papa's watch.

No, you will break the glass.


You broke it once.

You may look at it.

Put it to your ear.

What does it say?

Tick, tick, tick.


Squirrels crack nuts.

Monkeys are very comical.

You are very comical sometimes.

Kittens are playful.

Old cats do not play.

Mice nibble cheese.

There is an old rat in the trap.

He has fine whiskers, and a long
tail.

He will bite hard, he will bite
through wood.

Owls eat mice. Owls live in barns
and hollow trees.

“Then nightly sings the staring
owl, to whit, to whoo.”

Frogs live in marshes.

Do not kill that toad, it will not
hurt you.

See what a fine eye he has.

The snake has a new skin every
year.

The snake lays eggs.

The snake will do you no harm.

The viper is poisonous.

An old fox is very cunning.

The lamb is gentle.

The ass is patient.

The deer are feeding in the park.

The flesh of cows makes beef.

The flesh of sheep makes mutton.

The flesh of calves makes veal.

The flesh of hogs makes pork.

The flesh of deer makes venison.

Rams have large twisted horns.

Bulls have short curled horns.

Stags have branching horns.

The chamois has spiral horns, like
a cork-screw.

Is there not the horned owl?

Yes, it is called so, but he has not
horns ; he has only feathers that
stand upright.



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There is a pretty butterfly.

Come, shall we catch it?

Butterfly, where are you going?

It is flown over the hedge.

He will not let us catch him.

There is a bee sucking the flowers.

Will the bee sting Charles?

No, it will not sting you if you
let it alone.

Bees make wax and honey.

Honey is sweet.

Charles shall have some honey and
bread for supper.

Catterpillars eat cabbages.

Here is a poor little snail crawling

up the wall.

Touch him with your little finger.

Ah, the snail is crept into his shell.

His shell is his house. - Good night

snail.

Let him alone, and he will soon

come out again.

I want my dinner, I want pudding.

It is not ready yet.

It will be ready presently,

then Charles shall have his dinner.

Lay the cloth.

Where are the knives and forks,

and plates?

The clock strikes, take up the dinner.

May I have some meat ?

No, meat is not good for little boys.

Here is some apple dumpling for you, and some potatoes, and some beans, and carrots, and turnips, and rice pudding and bread.

Here are cherries.

Do not swallow the stone.

I want some wine.

What, wine for little boys ! I never heard of such a thing. No, you

must not have wine. Here is
water.

Do not stand so near the fire.

Go on the other side.

Do not tread upon mamma's apron.

Go away now, I am busy.

~~~~~  
Charles, what are eyes for?

To see with.

What are ears for?

To hear with.

What is tongue for?

To talk with.

What are teeth for?

To eat with.

What is nose for?

To smell with.

What are legs for?

To walk with.

Then do not make mamma carry  
you, Walk yourself.

Here are two good legs.

Will you go abroad?

Fetch your hat.

Come, let us go into the fields,  
and see the sheep, and the lambs,  
and the cows, and trees, and  
water.

There is a man on horseback.

Where are you going?

He does not mind us, he rides  
away.

Now he is a great way off.

Now we cannot see him at all.

There is a dog. The dog barks.

Well do not be afraid, he will not  
hurt you.

Come hither, dog.

Let him lick your hand. Poor

Flora!

Charles is tired, come let us go  
home.



table.

The table stood still in its place.

...O...

I heard somebody cry just now, I

wonder who it was?

It was some naughty boy, I fancy.

Good boys do not cry.

Little babies cry.

Little babies that cannot talk, nor

run about, they can do nothing

but cry.

Charles was a little baby once, and

lay in a cradle,

Then I did cry.

Yes, but now you must not cry.

Now you are a little boy, and ride  
upon a stick.

See here is Betty come from the fair.

What has she brought?

She has brought Charles a gun, and  
a sword, and a hammer, and some  
gingerbread.

She is very good.

Thank you, Betty.

You must wear your sword by your  
side.

Charge your gun.

Now let it off, Pop!

Do not eat all the gingerbread now.

It will make you sick.

Give me some to lay by for to-mor-  
row.

I will put it in the cupboard.

Your face is dirty.

Go and get your face washed.

Get your hands washed.

Now he is a clean boy.



Ah, here is money. What is this ?

This is gold, This is a guinea.

This white is silver : here is a crown,

here is a half crown, here is a

shilling, here is a sixpence.

We will spin the half crown upon the  
B

table.

It is fallen down.

Pick it up.

Here is a halfpenny for you.

I want some guineas.

No, mamma must have the guineas  
to buy beef and mutton with.

Here is a poor little boy at the door,  
he has no money at all, nor any  
thing to eat. Shall we give him  
a penny?

Yes.

Go then and give it him.

It is dark.

Bring candles.

Snuff the candles.

Shut the window-shutters.

Do not shut them yet.

Look at the moon.

O bright moon ! O pretty moon !

The moon shines at night, when the  
sun is gone to bed.

Is the sun gone to bed ?

Then it is time for little boys to go  
to bed.

The chickens are gone to bed, and  
the little birds are gone to bed,  
and the sun is gone to bed, and

Charles must go to bed.

Poor little boy is sleepy.

I believe we must carry him up  
stairs.

Pull off his shoes.

Pull off his frock and petticoats.

Put on his nightcap.

Cover him up.

Lay his little head upon the pillow.

Good night. Shut your eyes : go  
to sleep.

# LESSONS

FOR

CHILDREN

*of Three Years Old.*

~~~~~  
PART II.

~~~~~  
**G**OOD MORROW, little boy !  
how do you do ? Bring your  
little stool and sit down by me, for  
I have a great deal to tell you.

I hope you have been a good boy,  
and read all the pretty words I wrote  
for you before. You have, you say ;  
B 3

you have read them till you are tired,  
and you want some more new lessons.  
Come then, sit down. Now you  
and I will tell stories.



Look at puss ! she pricks up her ears, and smells about. She smells the mice. They are making a noise behind the wainscot. Puss wants to get into the closet. Let her in. The mice have been in the closet, and nibbled the biscuits. Ah ! there is a mouse puts her tail through the hole of the wainscot. Take care, little mouse, puss will catch you.



Look, look, there she runs! See, puss springs upon her! puss has got the mouse; puss has given her a squeeze. She lets her run about a little. The poor mouse thinks to steal away by the side of the wainscot. Now puss springs again, and lays her paw upon her. I wish, puss, you would not be so cruel, I wish you would eat her up at once--- It is a cold night; it freezes. Let us catch puss. Come into this dark corner. Now rub her back while I hold her; rub hard. Stroke her fur the wrong way. Hark! it crackles.

sparks come out. The cat's back is on fire. This fire will not hurt her, nor you either. Now we will let her go ; she begins to be angry.

Here is a piece of something you never saw before. What is it? It is amber ; yellow transparent amber. Now rub it well in your hand, and I will show you something. Have you rubbed it till it is warm? Now lay it upon the table. Put these straws near it. Move the amber gently. Hah ! the amber draws the straws to it. Lift it up. The straws stick to the amber. What makes

them do so?

...C..

What is to-day, Charles?

To-day is Sunday.

And what is to-morrow?

To-morrow will be Monday.

And what will the next day be?

The next day will be Tuesday.

And the next day?

Wednesday.

And the next?

Thursday.

And the next?

Friday.

And the next?

Saturday.

And what will come after Saturday ?

Why then Sunday will come again.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. That makes seven days, and seven days make

A week.

And now you know how much four weeks make.

How much ?

A month.

And twelve months make a year

—— January, February, March,  
 April, May, June, July, August,  
 September, October, November, De-  
 cember.

...○...

It is January. It is very cold.

It snows. It freezes. There are  
 no leaves upon the trees. The oil  
 is frozen, and the milk is frozen,  
 and the river is frozen, and every  
 • thing.

All the boys are sliding: you  
 must learn to slide. There is a man  
 skating. How fast he goes! You  
 shall have a pair of skates. Take

care! there is a hole in the ice. Come in. It is four o'clock. It is dark. Light the candles; and, Ralph! get some wood from the wood house, and get some coals, and make a very good fire.

...○...

February is very cold too, but the days are longer, and there is yellow crocus coming up, and the mezerion tree is in blossom, and there are some white snow-drops peeping up their little heads. Pretty white snow-drop, with a green stalk!

May I gather it? Yes, you may ;  
 but you must always ask leave before  
 you gather a flower. What a noise  
 the rooks make ! Caw, caw, caw ;  
 and how busy they are ! They are  
 going to build their nests. There  
 is a man plowing the field.



It is March. Now the wind  
 blows ! It will blow such a little  
 fellow as you away, almost. There  
 is a tree blown down.

Here are some young lambs.  
 Poor things ! how they creep under

the hedge. What is this flower?

A primrose.

...○...

April is come, and the birds sing, and the trees are in blossom, and flowers are coming out, and butterflies, and the sun shines. Now it rains. It rains and the sun shines. There is a rainbow. O what fine colours! Pretty bright rainbow! No, you cannot catch it, it is in the sky. It is going away. It fades. It is quite gone. I hear the cuckoo. He says, cuckoo!



cuckoo ! He is come to tell us it  
is spring.



It is May. O pleasant May !  
Let us walk out in the fields. The  
hawthorn is in blossom. Let us  
go and get some out of the hedges.  
And here are daisies, and cowslips,  
and crow-flowers. We will make  
a nosegay. Here is a bit of thread  
to tie it with. Smell ! it is very  
sweet. What has Billy got ? He  
has got a nest of young birds. He  
has been climbing a high tree for


them. Poor little birds ! they have  
 no feathers. Keep them warm.  
 You must feed them with a quill.  
 You must give them bread and milk.  
 They are young goldfinches. They  
 will be very pretty when they have  
 got their red head and yellow wings.  
 Do not let them die. The little  
 birds' papa and mamma will be  
 very sorry if they come to die. O  
 do not eat green gooseberries ! they  
 will make you ill.

...○...

June is come. Get up, you must

corn-fields to see if the corn is almost ripe. Yes, it is quite brown; it is ripe. Farmer Diggory! you must bring a sharp sickle and cut down the corn: it is ripe. Eat some, Charles; rub it in your hands. This is a grain of corn; this is an ear of corn; this stalk makes straw. Now it must be tied up in sheaves. Now put a great many sheaves together, and make a shock. Put it in the cart, farmer Diggory! carry it to your barn to make bread. Sing harvest home! harvest home! There is a poor old woman picking

up some ears of corn; and a poor little girl that has no clothes, hardly. They are gleaning. Give them your handful, Charles. Take it, poor woman! it will help to make you a loaf. Poor woman! she is very old, she cannot run; she is sadly tired with stooping.



It is September. Hark! somebody is letting off a gun. They are shooting the poor birds. Here is a bird dropped down just at our feet. It is all bloody. Poor thing!

how it flutters. Its wing is broke. It cannot fly any further. It is going to die. What bird is it? It is a partridge. Are you not sorry, Charles? It was alive a little while ago,

Bring the ladder, and set it against the tree. Now bring a basket. We must gather apples. No, you cannot go up the ladder; you must have a little basket, and pick up apples under the tree. Shake the tree. Down they come, How many have you got? We will have an apple-dumpling. Come,

you must help to carry the apples into the apple-chamber. Apples make cyder. You shall have some baked pears and bread for supper. Are these apples? No, they are quinces, they will make marmalade.




October is come, Charles; and the leaves are falling off the trees, and the flowers are all gone. No, here is an African marygold, and a China-after, and a Michaelmas-daisy. Will you have any nuts? Fetch the nutcrackers. Feel this

walnut. I will make you a little boat of the walnut-shell. We must get the grapes, or else the birds will eat them all. Here is a bunch of black grapes. Here is a bunch of white ones. Which will you have? Grapes make wine.

What bird have you got there? It is dead, but it is very pretty. It has a scarlet eye, and red, and green, and purple feathers. It is very large. It is a pheasant. He is very good to eat. We will pull off his feathers, and tell Betty Cook to roast him. Here is a hare too.


Poor puss ! ~~the~~ hounds did catch her.



Dark dismal November is come.  
No more flowers ! no more pleasant  
sun-shine ! no more hay-making !  
The sky is very black : the rain  
pours down. Well, never mind it.  
We will sit by the fire, and read,  
and tell stories, and look at pictures.  
Where is Billy and Harry, and little  
Betsey ? Now, tell me who can  
spell best. Good boy ! There is a  
clever fellow ! Now you shall have  
some cake.



It is December, and Christmas is coming, and Betty is very busy. What is she doing? She is paring apples, and chopping meat, and beating spice. What for, I wonder! It is to make mince pies. Do you love mince pies? O they are very good! Little boys come from school at Christmas. Pray wrap them up warm, for it is very cold. Well, spring will come again some time.



Your papa's wife is your mother.  
Your mamma's husband is your father.

Your papa's father is your grandfather.

Your papa's mother is your grandmother.

Your mamma's father and mother are your grandfather and grandmother.

Your papa's brother is your uncle.

Your papa's sister is your aunt.

Your mamma's brother and sister are your uncle and aunt.

You are your uncle's nephew.

Lucy is her uncle's niece.

Your papa and mamma's child is  
your brother or sister.

Your uncle and aunt's child is  
your<sup>1</sup> cousin.

Bring grandpapa his stick to walk  
with.

Set the arm-chair by the fire for  
grandmamma.

Your aunt knit these stockings  
for you .

Ask papa to play at hide and  
seek with you.

Hide yourself under mamma's  
apron.

When your uncle comes you shall take a ride upon his horse.

Divide your cake with your brothers and sisters.

We will send for your cousins to play with you, and then we shall have all the family together.



How many fingers have you got, little boy?

Here are four fingers on this hand ; and what is this ? Thumb.

Four fingers and thumb, that makes

five. And how many on the other hand?

There are five too.

What is this?

This is the right hand.

And this? This is the left hand.

And how many toes have you got? Let us count.

Five upon this foot, and five upon this foot.

Five and five make ten: ten fingers and ten toes.

How many legs have you?

Here is one, and here is another.

Charles has two legs.

How many legs has a horse?

A horse has four legs.

And how many has a dog?

Four ; and a cow has four ; and a sheep has four ; and puss has four legs.

And how many legs have the chickens?

Go and look.

The chickens have only two legs.

And the linnets, and the robins, and all the birds, have only two legs.

But I will tell you what birds

have got ; they have got wings to fly with, and they fly very high in the air.

Charles has no wings.

No, because Charles is not a bird.

Charles has got hands. Cows have no hands, and birds have no hands.

Have birds teeth ? No, they have no teeth.

How do they eat their victuals then ?

Birds have got a bill. Look at

the chickens, they pick up the corn in their little bills. See how fast they pick it up.

Charles's mouth is soft ; the chicken's bill is hard like bone.

...○...

How many legs have fishes ?

Fishes have no legs at all.

How do they walk then ?

They do not walk ; they swim about in the water ; they live always in the water.

Charles could not live under the water.



No, because Charles is not a fish.

Here is a fish that somebody has caught. Poor little fish ! throw it on the grass. See how it flounders about ! It has a hook in its gills. Take it by the tail. It is slippery ; you cannot hold it. See, these are fins. It has got fins to swim with ; and it has got scales, and sharp teeth. It will be dead soon. It is going to die. It cannot stir any more. Now it is quite dead. The fish dies because it is out of the

water, and Charles would die if he was in the water.

---

What has Charles got to keep him warm?

Charles has got a frock and warm petticoats.

And what have the poor sheep got; have they petticoats?

The sheep have got wool, thick warm wool. Feel it. O, it is very comfortable! That is their petticoat.

And what have horses got?

Horses have got long hair ; and  
cows have hair.

And what have birds got ?

Birds have got feathers ; soft,  
clean, shining feathers.

Birds build nests in trees ; that is  
their house.

The wolf has a den ; that is his  
house.

The dog has a kennel.

The bees live in a hive.

The pigs live in a sty.

Can you climb a tree ?

No.


But you must learn then.

As soon as you have breeches  
you must learn to climb trees.

Ask puss to teach you ; she can  
climb. See, how fast she climbs !  
She is at the top. She wants to  
catch birds. Pray, puss, do not  
take the little birds that sing so  
merrily ! She has got a sparrow in  
her mouth. She has eaten it all  
up. No, here are two or three  
feathers on the ground all bloody.  
Poor sparrow.

The dog barks. The hog grunts.  
The pig squeaks. The horse neighs.  
The cock crows. The ass brays.  
The cat purrs. The kitten mews.  
The bull bellows. The cow lows.  
The calf bleats. Sheep bleat. The  
lion roars. The wolf howls. The  
tiger growls. The fox barks. Mice  
squeak. The frog croaks. The  
sparrow chirps. The swallow twit-  
ters. The rook caws. The bittern  
booms. The pidgeon cooes. The  
turkey gobbles. The peacock  
screams. The beetle hums. The

grasshopper chirps. The duck quacks. The goose cackles. Monkeys chatter. The owl hoots. The screech-owl shrieks. The snake hisses. Charles talks.



What is that spot of green light under the hedge? See, there is another, and another! Ah, they move! how fast they run about! Is it fire? it is like wild fire; they are like little stars upon the ground.

Take one of them in your hand, it will not burn you.

How it moves about in my hand !  
my hand has fire in it. What is it ?

Bring it into the house ; bring it  
to the candle.

Ah, it is a little worm ; it hardly  
shines at all, now.

It is called a glow-worm. Do  
not you know the song of the  
fairies.

And when the sun does hide his head,

The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

In some countries there are in-  
sects which fly about in the summer  
evenings, and give a great deal

more light than the glow-worm :  
you may see to read by two or three  
of them together. They are called  
fire-flies.

A fine large moth has flown into  
the room.

He flutters about the candle ; the  
light attracts him.

Pray do not burn yourself, pretty  
moth !

Put him away with your hand.

He will come again ; I cannot  
hinder him.



He has scorched his long, slender  
feelers, and his silvery wings.

Why will you burn yourself, poor  
moth ?

He will not be wise ; he flies  
quite into the candle.

He is burned to death.

The silly moth did not know  
what would hurt him.

No more do some little boys.

---

Kites and hawks eat chickens.

Spiders make cobwebbs ; they  
catch flies in them and eat them up.

Owls fly in the night.

Butchers kill sheep.

The carpenter makes tables and boxes.

You shall have a box, with a lock and key to it.

The carpenter has a saw, and a chisel, and a plane, and an adze, and a gimlet, and a turn-screw, and a hatchet, and a file, and a vice, and pinchers, and a hammer, and a mallet.

Charles's wooden horse is broke.

Well, take it to the carpenter's; let him mend it.

see any weeds in your garden ; pull them all up. And you must have a little hedge about it, else the pigs will get in and spoil it. And you must go to the gardener and say, Pray give me some seeds ; and you must sow them. You must make a little hole in the ground, and put them in, and cover them up with mould, and they will grow. Here is some cress and mustard seed. Sow it, and we shall have a salad. Water your garden. Charles, look at this gooseberry bush ; it

was but so high when we put it in the ground, and now it is a great deal taller ; it is so high.

The gooseberry bush grows.

Does Charles grow ?

Yes ; Charles could not reach the table once, and now he can reach higher a great deal.

Is the table taller than it was a great while ago ?

No ; the table does not grow.

Why does not the table grow, Charles ?

See, I have brought you something very pretty: look at this large round glass which is filled with water.

Ha! here are fish in it; beautiful, shining fish, with white, and crimson, and purple, and gold-coloured scales.

They are gold and silver fish. How they swim about! how large they look when they are at the other end of the glass! See! see, now this fish looks as big again as it did just now.

That is because you see it through the water.

Are these fish found in the rivers?

They are not found in our rivers ; the gold and silver fish come from a great way off ; they come from China.

Will they live in this glass ?

Yes ; and they will live almost without eating any thing at all. Sometimes they eat a little bread, but the water is nourishment enough for them for a long while.

They are very tender, and easily

killed. Sometimes a hail-storm or a thunder cloud going over them will kill them in their own country.

Now set them in the window, in the warm sun.



Here is a lady-bird upon a leaf. It is red, and has black spots. Ah! it has wings. It has flown away. There is a black beetle. Catch it. How fast it runs. Where is it gone? Into the ground. It makes a little hole and runs into the ground. Worms live in the ground.

It is cold, Charles, very cold !  
Pray what do they call it when it  
is so cold ? They call it winter,  
you know. I wonder what poor  
little boys do that have no fire to  
go to, and no shoes and stockings  
to keep them warm, and no good  
papas and mammas to take care  
of them and give them victuals.  
Poor little boys ! Do not cry, Charles,  
for here is a halfpenny, and when  
you see one of those poor little  
boys you shall give it him : he  
will go and buy a roll with it, for



he is very hungry : and he will say,  
 thank you, Charles, you are very  
 good to me! *— 13*

I will tell you what, Charles; it  
 will be a great deal colder soon,  
 and snow will come down. Then  
 the pretty little robins will come  
 and fly against the windows. Open  
 the window. Well, what do you  
 want, little robin? Only a few  
 crumbs of bread. Give him some  
 crumbs and he will hop, hop about  
 the parlour, and sit upon the top  
 of the screen, and sing—O he will

sing all day long ! Now pray do not let that wicked cat take him. No, puss ! you must go and catch mice, you shall not eat poor robin. There was a cruel naughty boy once—I will tell you a story about him.



There was a naughty boy ; I do not know what his name was, but it was not Charles, nor George, nor Arthur, for those are all very pretty names : but there was a robin came in at his window one very

cold morning—shiver—shiver ; and its poor little heart was almost frozen to death. And he would not give it the least little crumb of bread in the world, but pulled it about by the tail, and hurt it sadly, and it died. Now a little while after the naughty boy's papa and mamma went away and left him, and then he could get no victuals at all, for you know he could not take care of himself. So he went about to every body—Pray give me something to eat, I am very

hungry. And every body said, No, we shall give you none, for we do not love cruel, naughty boys. So he went about from one place to another, till at last he got into a thick wood of trees, for he did not know how to find his way any where ; and then it grew dark night. So he sat down and cried sadly ; and he could not get out of the wood ; and I believe the bears came and ate him up in the wood, for I never heard any thing about him afterwards.

I will tell you another story.

...C...

There was a little boy ; he was not a big boy, for if he had been a big boy, I suppose he would have been wiser ; but this was a little boy, not higher than the table, and his papa and mamma sent him to school. It was a very pleasant morning ; the sun shone, and the birds sung on the trees. Now this little boy did not much love his book, for he was but a silly little boy, as I told you ; and he had a

great mind to play instead of going to school. And he saw a bee flying about, first upon one flower, and then upon another; so he said, Pretty bee! will you come and play with me? But the bee said No, I must not be idle, I must go and gather honey. Then the little boy met a dog, and he said, Dog! will you play with me? But the dog said, No, I must not be idle, I am going to catch a hare for my master's dinner. I must make haste and catch it. Then the little boy went by a hay-rick, and he saw a

bird pulling some hay out of the hay-rick, and he said, Bird! will you come and play with me? But the bird said, No, I must not be idle, I must get some hay to build my nest with, and some moss, and some wool. So the bird flew away. Then the little boy saw a horse, and he said, Horse! will you play with me? But the horse said, No, I must not be idle, I must go and plough, or else there will be no corn to make bread of. Then the little boy thought with himself, what, is

nobody idle ? then little boys must not be idle neither. So he made haste, and went to school, and learned his lesson very well, and the master said he was a very good boy.

Farewell ! good night.



Baroness Anna Letitia (Aikin)  
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# LESSONS

FOR

## CHILDREN

*From Three to Four years Old.*

~~~~~  
IN TWO PARTS.
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DUBLIN.

*Printed at the Hibernia-Press-Office,*  
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1814.



# LESSONS

FOR

## CHILDREN

*From Three to Four years Old.*

~~~~~  
PART III.
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**C**HARLES, what a clever thing  
it is to read ! a little while ago,  
you know, you could only read little  
words ; and you were forced to spell : is  
them—c--a--t, cat ; d--o--g, dog. is  
Now you can read pretty stories, and 1.  
**D**

I am going to write you some.

Do you know why you are better than puss? Puss can play as well as you; and Puss can drink milk, and lie upon the carpet; and she can run as fast as you, and faster too, a great deal; and she can climb trees better; and she can catch mice, which you cannot do. But can Puss talk? No. Can Puss read? No. Then that is the reason why you are better than Puss---because you can talk and read. Can Pierrot, your dog, read? No. Will

you teach him? Take the pin and point to the words. No---he will not learn. I never saw a little dog or cat learn to read. But little boys can learn. If you do not learn, Charles, you are not good for half as much as puss. You had better be drowned,

~~~~~

What a clock is it, Charles? It is twelve o'clock. It is noon. Come into the garden then. Now where is the sun? Turn your face towards him. Look at the sun! that is south.

D 1

Always when it is twelve o'clock, and you look at the sun, your face is towards the South. Now turn to your left hand. Look forwards. That is East. In the morning, when it is going to be light, you must look just there, and presently you will see the sun get up. Always in the morning look there for the sun ; for the sun rises in the East. Now turn your back to the sun. Look straight forwards. That is North. Now turn to your left hand. Look forwards. That is West. When you

have had your supper, and it is going to be night, look for the sun just there. He is always there when he goes to bed ; for the sun sets in the West.

North, South, East, West.



The wind blows. Which way does the wind blow? Take out your handkerchief. Throw it up. The wind blows it this way. The wind comes from the North. The wind is North. It is a cold wind. The wind was West yesterday, then

it was warm.

...○...

Rain comes from the clouds. Look, there are black clouds. How fast they move along! Now they have hid the sun. They have covered up the sun, just as you cover up your face when you throw a handkerchief over it. There is a little bit of blue sky still. Now there is no blue sky at all: it is all black with the clouds. It is very dark, like night. It will rain soon. Now it begins. What large drops!

The ducks are very glad, but the little birds are not glad; they go and shelter themselves under the trees. Now the rain is over. It was only a shower. Now the flowers smell sweet, and the sun shines, and the little birds sing again, and it is not so hot as it was before it rained.



We will drink tea out of doors. Bring the tea-things. Come fetch your hat. It is very pleasant. But here is no table. What must we

do? O, here is a large round stump of a tree, it will do very well for a table. But we have no chairs. Here is a seat of turf, and a bank almost covered with violets; we shall sit here, and you and Billy may lie on the carpet. The carpet is in the parlour. Yes, there is a carpet in the parlour, but there is a carpet here too. What is it? The grass is the carpet out of doors. Pretty green soft carpet! and it is very large, for it spreads every where, over all the fields, and over

all the meadows : and it is very pleasant for the sheep and the lambs to lie down upon. I do not know what they would do without it, for they have no feather-bed to sleep upon.

...C...

It is a pleasant evening. Come hither, Charles, look at the sun. The sun is in the west. Yes, because he is going to set. How pretty the the sun looks ! We can look at him now ; he is not so bright as he was at dinner-time, when he was

up high in the sky. And how beautiful the clouds are ! There are crimson clouds, and purple and gold-coloured clouds. Now the sun is gone down a great pace. Now we can see only half of him. Now we cannot see him at all. Farewell, sun ! till to-morrow morning.

But now, Charles, turn your face the other way, to the East. What is it that shines so behind the trees ? is it a fire ? No, it is the moon. It is very large ; and how red it is like blood. The moon is round

now because it is full moon; but it will not be so round to-morrow night; it will lose a little bit: and the next night it will lose a little bit more; and more the next night; and so on till it is like your bow when it is bent: and it will not be seen till after you are in bed: and it will grow less and less, till in a fortnight there will be no moon at all. Then, after that, there will be a new moon; and you will see it in the afternoon; and it will be very thin at first, but it will grow

rounder and bigger every day, till at last, in another fortnight, it will be a full moon again like this, and you will see it rise again behind the trees.

~~~~~

Do you know what raisins are? They are grapes, dried a great deal. Grapes, you know, grow upon vines; but raisins are made of larger grapes than those upon the vine in the garden: they come from a great way off. Do you know what sugar comes from? Sugar

comes from a cane like a walking stick, that grows in the ground ; they squeeze the juice out, and boil it a great deal, and that makes sugar. And what is tea? Tea is a leaf that grows upon a shrub, and that is dried a good deal.


...C...

Charles wants some bread and butter—But the bread is not baked. Then bid Christopher Clump heat his oven and bake it—But the loaf is not kneaded. Then bid little Margery take the dough and knead

it—But the flour is not ground.  
Then take it to the mill, and bid  
Roger the miller grind it—But the  
corn is not threshed. Then bid  
John Dobbins take his flail and  
thresh it—But the corn is not  
reaped. Then bid Dick Clodpole  
take his sickle and cut it—But the  
wheat is not sown. Then bid Farmer  
Diggory take the seed and sow it—  
But the field is not plowed. Then  
bid Ralph Wiseacre take the horses  
and plow it—But the plow is not  
made. Then go to Humphrey



Hiccory the carpenter, and bid him make one—But there is never a plough-share. Then bid Firebrass the smith go to his anvil and beat one—But we have no butter. Then go to market, Susan, and buy some—But the butter is not churned. Then take your churn, Dolly, and churn some—But the cow is not milked. Then take your pail, Cicely, and milk it. Now, Betty, pray spread Charles a slice of bread and butter.



Little Birds eat seeds and fruits.

Partridges eat corn.

Wolves devour sheep.

Blackbirds peck cherries.

The Otter eats fish.

The Calf sucks milk.

The Weasel sucks eggs.

Squirrels crack nuts.

Foxes eat chickens.

Men eat every thing, corn, and  
fruit, and mutton, and fish, and  
eggs, and milk, and chickens.



The Tiger makes his lair in the

thick forests, by the banks of the Ganges.

The Camelopard stalks over the vast plains of Africa; he lifts his long neck, and brouses the trees as he walks

The Ostrich runs swiftly over the burning sands of Monomotapa.

The Rhinoceros loves to wallow and roll himself in the wet mud, by the banks of large rivers, and in wet marshes.

The Chamois of Switzerland

would pine if he could not snuff the keen air of the mountains.

The little Ermine runs about in the frozen deserts of Siberia ; she is white like the snow, that is marked by her little feet.

The Humming-bird of Jamaica could not live in our woods ; a frosty night would kill him directly.

The Rein-deer lives in Lapland ; he scrapes away the snow with his feet to get at a little moss which he lives upon : he would die if you

were to expose him to the warm sun of Persia or Hindostan.

Wild Geese, and wild Ducks, and Plovers, live in fens and marshes.

*Man* can live every where, in cold Norway or Lapland, in hot Guinea or Persia ; in hilly countries, or marshy plains ; he can bear as much heat as the Ostrich, and as much cold as the Rein-deer.



The Sheep has a fleece to keep him warm.

The Beaver has a thick fur.

The Horse has hair, and a fine mane ; how it flows over his neck, and waves in the wind.

The Ox has a thick hide.

The Ducks have feathers ; thick, close feathers.

Puss has a warm fur ; put your hands upon it, it is like a muff.

The snail has a shell to shelter him from the cold.

Has the little boy got any thing ?

No ; nothing but a soft thin skin ; a pin would scratch it and make it bleed, poor little naked boy !

But the little boy has got every thing ; fur, and wool, and hair, and feathers : your coat is made of warm wool, shorn from the sheep, your hat is the fur of the rabbit and the beaver, and your shoes are made of skin.

Look at this green tall plant ; do you think it would make you a garment ?

No indeed.

But your shirt is made of such a plant ; your shirt was growing once in the fields.

In some countries they make clothes of the bark of trees.

Men can *make* things; the sheep and the ducks cannot spin and weave, that is the reason why the little boy has only his soft naked skin,



Come, let us go home, it is evening. See, mamma! how tall my shadow is. It is like a great black giant stalking after me.

Your shadow is tall because the sun is low in the sky; it is near



sunset. Look at your shadow tomorrow at noon, and you will find it a great deal shorter.

In some countries the sun is directly over their heads at noon, and then they have no shadow at all.

If the sun were just over your head, it would be hotter than you could bear.

Why is that? is not the sun nearer us when it sinks down towards the fields, than when it is a great way up in the sky?

No ; the sun does not really

touch the fields, but he seems to do so, because you can see nothing between them.

But we are got home. Come in. Now put your eye level with the table. Look at the globe that hangs at the other end of the room: Does it not appear to touch the table? Yes, it does. But if it was held above the table it would not appear to touch. No. So it is with the sun. But why is it hotter when the sun is over our heads? Because his rays come directly down upon you. Come

and stand just against the middle of this fire. Now stand at the same distance sideways. Did not you feel it hotter when you stood quite opposite? Yes; it scorched my face.—Well, at noon the sun sends down his scorching rays, like a number of burning arrows directly down upon you; but in the evening and the morning they come more slanting, and fewer of them reach you. That is the reason why is it hotter at noon: the sun is always at the same distance, more

thousands of miles off than you can count.



17

Charles, do not you remember the caterpillar we put into a paper box, with some mulberry leaves for it to eat? Let us go and look at it. It is gone—here is no caterpillar—there is something in the box; what is it? I do not know. It is a little ball of yellow stuff. Let us cut it open, perhaps we may find the caterpillar. No, here is nothing but a strange little grub,

and it is dead, I believe, for it does not move. Pinch it gently by the tail. Now it stirs : it is not dead quite. Charles, this grub is your caterpillar ; it is indeed. That yellow stuff is silk. The caterpillar spun all that silk, and covered itself up with it ; and then it was turned into this grub. Take it and lay it in the sun : we will come and look at it again to-morrow morning. Well, this is very surprising ! here is no grub at all to be found. Did not we put it on this

sheet of paper last night? Yes, we did. And nobody has been in the room to meddle with it. No, nobody at all has been in the room. Is there nothing upon the sheet of paper? Yes, here is a white butterfly, I wonder how it came here, for the windows are shut. Perhaps the grub is turned into a butterfly. It is, indeed; and look, here is the empty shell of the grub. Here is where the butterfly came out. But the butterfly is too big; this shell could not hold him. Yes, it did, because his wings were folded up, and he

lay very snug. It is the same, I assure you, Charles ; all the pretty butterflies that you see flying about were caterpillars once, and crawled on the ground.



Charles, you must not go out into the fields by yourself, nor without leave. You are a very little boy, you know ; and if you were to venture out by yourself you would be lost : then you would cry, and night would come, and it would be dark, and you could not

find your way home, and you would have no bed; you would be forced to lie down in the fields upon the cold wet grass, and perhaps you would die, and that would be a sad tale to tell. I will tell you a story about a lamb. There was once a shepherd, who had a great many sheep and lambs. He took a great deal of care of them, and gave them sweet fresh grass to eat, and clear water to drink; and if they were sick he was very good to them; and when they climbed up a steep hill, and the lambs were tired,



he used to carry them in his arms ; and when they were all eating their suppers in the field, he used to sit upon a stile, and play them a tune, and sing to them ; and so they were the happiest sheep and lambs in the whole world. But every night this shepherd used to pen them up in a fold. Do you know what a sheep-fold is ? Well, I will tell you. It is a place like the court ; but instead of pales there are hurdles, which are made of sticks that will bend, such as ozier twigs ; and they are twisted and

made very fast, so that nothing can creep in, and nothing can get out. Well, and so every night, when it grew dark and cold, the shepherd called all his flock, sheep and lambs, together, and drove them into the fold, and penned them up, and there they lay as snug and warm and comfortable as could be, and nothing could get in to hurt them, and the dogs lay round on the outside to guard them, and to bark if any body came near; and in the morning the shepherd

un-penned the fold, and let them all out again.

Now they were all very happy as I told you, and loved the shepherd dearly that was so good to them—all except one foolish little lamb.

And this lamb did not like to be shut up every night in the fold; and she came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her, I wonder why we are shut up so every night! the dogs are not shut up, and why should we be shut up? I think it is very hard,

and I will get away if I can; I am resolved, for I like to run about where I please, and I think it is very pleasant in the woods by moon-light. Then the old sheep said to her, You are very silly, you little lamb, you had better stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us, that we should always do as he bids us; and if you wander about by yourself, I dare say you will come to some harm. I dare say not, said the little lamb: and so when the evening came, and the

shepherd called them all to come into the fold, she would not come, but crept silyly under a hedge and hid herself; and when the rest of the lambs were all in the fold and fast asleep, she came out, and jumped, and frisked, and danced about; and she got out of the field, and got into a forest full of trees, and a very fierce wolf came rushing out of a cave and howled very loud. Then the silly lamb wished she had been shut up in the fold; but the fold was a great way off—

and the wolf saw her, and seized her, and carried her away to a dismal dark den, all covered with bones and blood; and there the wolf had two cubs, and the wolf said to them, Here, I have brought you a young fat lamb—and so the cubs took her, and growled over her a little while, and then tore her to pieces, and ate her up.



A Dog is a very good creature, he loves his master dearly, and remembers him a long while, even

if he has not seen him for a great many, many years—I wish all little boys loved one another as well as a Dog loves his master. I will tell you a story about a Dog: A great while ago, there was a man called Ulysses, he lived in a little island called Ithaca; he was king of the island. And he had a Dog whose name was *Argus*, he was very fond of his dog, and used to take him out with him when he went abroad; and Argus used to scour over the fields after any thing he saw, and  
E

galloped back again to his master swifter than a race-horse, and if his master only said "Poor fellow!" and patted his head, he would be quite happy, and frisk, and bound about him all day long; and he was well fed and taken care of. But Ulysses went abroad to fight battles with his enemies, and he was ten years at war, and he was ten years more in getting home to his dear Ithaca, for he met with a great many strange adventures by the way. Ten and ten, you know,



make twenty, so he had been twenty years away. And when he came to Ithaca, he found that some bad people had taken possession of his palace, and he was afraid they would kill him. So he disguised himself like a poor Beggar-man, and walked up to the gate with his stick in his hand. Argus was lying in the sun upon a little straw. He was growing very old now, and could not frolick and bound as he used to do, and nobody had taken good care of him, so that he was

very weak and he could hardly raise himself from his straw. However, he pricked up his ears at the sound of a footstep, and seeing a ragged fellow coming up to the gate, was going to bark; but as Ulysses came nearer, he recollected his step, and looked up in his face, and knew his old master, though nobody else knew him. Then poor Argus roused himself, and just made shift to crawl towards him, and wagged his tail, and gazed joyfully in the face of Ulysses, and

licked his hands, and then being quite weak and worn out, fell down and died at his feet. 21

I heard a curious story the other day, which I am going to tell you. There was a Duck and a Drake who were very fond of each other. The Duck was sitting upon her eggs in the duck-house, which was placed on a grass plot under the parlour windows, and the Drake was such a good husband that he staid with her all the time in the duck-house, sitting by her side and

quacking to her; and though a Duck has not a very musical voice, I dare say she thought his song as harmonious as the nightingale's. Well, at length the eggs were hatched, and the little ducklings came out, and then they turned the poor Drake out of the duck-house, for fear he should trample upon his children with his great splay foot and hurt them. So he strolled about the grass plot. And next day he met a Hen with a brood of five little chickens. And he took the chickens, which were just hatched

for his own children. And he wanted to teach them to swim. For the Drake always takes that business upon himself. He leads his young ones to the water, and cuffs and bites them to make them go in, for they are afraid at first. So the Drake went up to these poor chickens, and drove them before him down to the pond, which was at the bottom of the lawn. The Hen resisted and scuffled with him as well as she could, but the Drake was a great deal stronger than she,

and nobody came to her assistance, though they saw from the house that something was the matter by her fluttering and screaming. But the Drake was resolved his little ones should learn to swim, so he pushed them along, with his wings spread out, till he made them all go into the pond, where they were all five found dead the next morning, and the Drake standing by, very much surprised I dare say that his children were so stupid as to let themselves be drowned rather than learn to swim.



*Yesterday* is past, to *Day* is here,  
*To-morrow* is to come.

When *To-morrow* is come, to *Day*  
will be *Yesterday*.

I do not understand that.

What is to day?

Monday.

And to-morrow?

Tuesday.

Then, on Tuesday, Monday will  
be *Yesterday*. I have heard a pretty  
riddle about that. What is that  
which was *To-morrow* and will be  
*Yesterday*?

To Day.

Yes. *To Day*, before it came, was called *To-morrow*, and when it is gone we shall call it Yesterday.

Will *Yesterday* ever come again?

No, never, nor to *Day*, so pray improve it. A great many days will come, one after another, but none of them will be this Day that is now here.

If I have done any thing wrong yesterday, must that always be?

What do you think, if you write any thing with ink in this Book,



can you blot it out again if it is bad?

No, I cannot.

And so if you have done something wrong yesterday, you cannot blot it out, it must stand in the book.

But I can write better in the next page.

That you may, and I hope you will: it is all that a little boy can do, or a great man either.

...C...

Gold is of a deep yellow colour.

It is very pretty and bright. It is exceeding heavy ; heavier than any thing else. Men dig it out of the ground. Shall I take my spade and get some ; No, there is none in the fields hereabouts : It comes from a great way off ; and it lies deeper a great deal than you could dig with your spade. Guineas are made of gold ; and half guineas. This watch is gold ; and the looking-glass frame, and the picture frames are gilt with gold. Here is some leaf gold. What is leaf gold ? It is gold beat very

thin ; thinner than leaves or paper.

Silver is white and shining. The spoons are silver ; and the waiter is silver ; and crowns, and half crowns, and shillings, and sixpences, are made of silver. Silver comes from a great way off too.

Copper is red. The kettle and pots are made of copper ; and brass is made of copper. Brass is bright and yellow, like gold almost. This saucepan is made of brass : and the locks upon the door, and this candlestick. What is this green upon the

saucepan? It is rusty; the green is verdigrease; it would kill you if you were to eat it.

Iron is very hard. It is not pretty, but I do not know what we should do without it, for it makes us a great many things. Go and ask the cook whether she can roast her meat without a spit. Well, what does she say? She says she cannot. But the spit is made of iron; and so are the tongs, and the poker, and shovel. Go and ask Dobbin if he can plow without the plough-share. Well, what does he say; He says

No, he cannot. But the plough-share is made of iron. Will iron melt in the fire? Put the poker in and try. Well, is it melted? No; but it is red hot, and soft; it will bend. But I will tell you, Charles; Iron will melt in a very, very hot fire, when it has been in a great while; then it will melt. Come, let us go to the smith's shop. What is he doing? He has a forge; he blows the fire with a great pair of bellows to make the iron hot. Now it is hot. Now he takes it out with the tongs, and puts it upon the anvil;

Now he beats it with the hammer.

How hard he works! The sparks fly about; pretty bright sparks.

What is the black-smith making?

He is making nails, and horse-shoes, and a great many things.

Steel is made of iron. Steel is very bright, and sharp, and hard.

Knives and scissors are made of steel.

Lead is soft, and very heavy.

Here is a piece: lift it. There is lead in the casement; and the spout is lead, and the cistern is lead, and bullets are made of lead. Will lead

melt in the fire? Try : put some on the shovel : hold it over the fire. Now it is all melted. Pour it into this bason of water. How it hisses !

What pretty things it has made !

Tin is white and soft. It is bright too. The canisters, and the dripping pan, and the reflector, are all covered with tin.

Quicksilver is very bright like silver ; and it is very heavy. See how it runs about ! You cannot catch it. You cannot pick it up. There is Quicksilver in the barometer.

Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Lead  
Tin, Quicksilver. One, two, three,  
four, five, six, seven—What? Me-  
tals—They are all dug out of the  
ground.



Marble is dug out of the ground.  
It is very hard: you cannot cut it  
with a knife; but the stone cutter  
can cut it. There is white marble,  
and black, and green, and red, and  
yellow marble. The chimney piece  
is made of marble, and the monu-  
ment in the church.



Stones come out of the ground, and flints. Here are two flints: they are very hard: strike them both together. Ah! here is fire; here are sparks. Gravel is dug out of gravel pits. They put it into carts, and then make gravel walks with it. Chalk and fuller's earth are dug out of the ground. Coals come out of the ground. Men dig great pits, and so they go down into them, and get the coal with pick-axes, and bring it up. Those men are colliers: they are very black,

but I do not know how we should do for coals to make a fire without them. A great many things come out of the ground ; sure it is very deep ! Yes, it is very deep. If you were to dig a hundred years, you would never come to the bottom it is so deep.

Charles, here is a ring for you to play with. See how it sparkles ! Hold it against the sun. I see all colours in it. What is this bright shining stone ? It is a diamond. It is very hard ; you may write upon

the glass with it. A ruby is red ;  
bright crimson red. An Emerald is  
green. A Topaz is yellow. A Sap-  
phire is blue. The Amethyst is  
purple. The garnet is red. The  
Beryl is light green. All these are  
dug out of the earth. They are  
called jewels—precious stones. And  
here is a white round bead, which  
is very pretty, it is an ear-ring.  
What is it? It is a pearl. And  
does that come out of the ground  
too? No, it comes out of the sea,  
Pearls are found in oyster-shells.

Will stones melt in the fire? No.

Does glass come out of the ground?

No. People make glass in a glass-house. They have great fires burning all day and all night. You shall go to a glass-house some day and see them make it.



A tree has a root that goes under the ground a great way, The roots are like its legs : the tree could not stand without it. Then the tree has a trunk ; a large, thick, straight trunk. That is its body. Then

the tree has branches. Those are like arms. They spread out very far. Then there are boughs; and upon the boughs leaves and blossoms. Here is a blossom upon the apple-tree. Will the blossom be always upon the tree? No, it will fall off soon; perhaps it will fall off to-night. But then do you know what comes instead of the blossom? What? The fruit. After the apple-blossoms there will be apples. Then if the blossoms fall off to-night, shall I come here and get an apple to-morrow? No, you

must have patience : there will not be ripe apples a great while yet. There will be first a little, little thing hardly bigger than a pin's head : that will swell and grow bigger every day, and harder, till at last it will come to be a great apple. But you must not eat it yet ; you must let it hang till the sun has made it red, and till you can pull it off easily. Now it is ripe ; it is as red as your cheeks. Now gather it and eat it.

Has a flower a root too? Yes : here is a cowslip ; we will pull it

up. See, here are roots like strings; here is the stem of the cowslip; here is the foot-stalk; here is the flower-cup; here are the leaves of the flower; and a pretty flower it is: fine yellow with crimson spots. Here are the seeds. If the seeds are put in the ground when they are ripe, another flower will grow up.

A she Horse is a Mare. A young Horse is a Colt. A very young Horse is a foal.

A she Lion is a Lioness.

Tiger, Tigress.

Bull, Cow, Calf, Ox.

Boar, Sow, Pig, Hog.

Sheep, Ram, Ewe, Lamb, Weather.

Dog, Bitch, Puppy, Whelp.

Cat, Kitten.

Cock, Hen, Chicken.

Gander, Goose, Gosling.

Drake, Duck, Duckling.

Eagle, Eaglet.

Stag, Buck, Doe, Hart, Hind,  
Fawn.

Hare, Leveret.



The Lion lives in a den. He is very strong. He has a great deal of thick yellow hair about his neck. That is his mane. He has very sharp claws: they would tear you to pieces. Look at him. He is very angry. See, he lashes his sides with his tail: his eyes sparkle like fire. He roars; how loud he roars! It is very terrible. He shews his sharp teeth. His tongue is very rough. The Lion sleeps all day in his den. When it is night he comes out, and prowls about to find something to eat. He eats cows, and

sheep, and horses ; and he would eat you too, if you were within his reach. The Lioness has no mane. She is like a great dog. Any body would be afraid of a Lion if he was to come. Yes, anybody would be afraid of a Lion, Charles : but you need not be afraid of dogs, they are good creatures. I will tell you a story.

There was once a little boy, who was a sad coward. He was afraid of two little kids, Nanny and Billy, when they came and put their noses through the pales of the court ;

and he would not pluck Billy by the beard. What a silly little boy he was. Pray what was his name?

Nay, indeed, I shall not tell you his name, for I am ashamed of him.

Well, he was very much afraid of dogs too: he always cried if a dog barked, and ran away, and took hold of his mamma's apron like a baby. What a foolish fellow he was! for dogs do not hurt, you know; they love little boys, and play with them. Did you ever see a dog eat up a little boy? No, never, I dare say. Well; so this simple little boy

was walking by himself one day, and a pretty black dog came out of a house, and said, Bow wow, bow wow; and came to the little boy, and jumped upon him, and wanted to play with him; but the little boy ran away. The dog ran after him, and cried louder, bow, bow wow; but he only meant to say, Good-morrow, how do you do? but this little boy was sadly frightened, and ran away as fast as ever he could, without looking before him, and he tumbled into a very dirty ditch, and there he lay crying at the

bottom of the ditch, for he could not get out : and I believe he would have lain there all day, but the dog was so good natured, that he went to the house where the little boy lived, on purpose to tell them where he was. So, when he came to the house, he scratched at the door, and said, Bow, wow ; for he could not speak any plainer. So they opened the door.

What do you want, you black dog ? We do not know you. Then the dog went to Ralph the servant, and pulled him by the coat, and

pulled him till he brought him to the ditch; and the dog and Ralph together got the little boy out of the ditch: but he was all over mud, and quite wet, and every body laughed at him because he was a coward.

Now, Charles, my pen is tired, I cannot write any more at present; but if you are a good boy, perhaps I may write you some more stories another time. Farewell.

# LESSONS,

FOR

## CHILDREN

*From Three to Four year Old.*

### PART II.

CHARLES, here are more stories for you—stories about good boys, and naughty boys, and silly boys; for you know what it is to be good now. And there is a story about <sup>two</sup> foolish Cocks that were always quarrelling, which is

very naughty. You do not quarrel ?  
No. I am glad of it ; but if you see  
any little boys that quarrel you may  
tell them the story of the Two  
Cocks. This is it :—There was  
once a Hen who lived in a farm-  
yard, and she had a large brood of  
chickens. She took a great deal of  
care of them, and gathered them  
under her wings every night, and  
fed them, and nursed them very  
well : and they were all very good,  
except two Cocks, that were always  
quarrelling with one another. They



were hardly out of the shell before they began to peck at each other ; and when they grew bigger they fought till they were all bloody. If one picked up a barley corn, the other always wanted to have it. They never looked pretty, because their feathers were pulled off in fighting till they were all bare ; and they picked at one another's eyes till they were both almost blind. The old Hen very often told them how naughty it was to quarrel so ; but they did not mind her.

So one day these two Cocks had been fighting, as they always did; and the biggest Cock, whose name was Chanticleer, beat the other, and crowed over him, and drove him quite out of the yard. The Cock that had been beat slunk away and hid himself; for he was vexed he had been conquered, and he wanted sadly to be revenged; but he did not know how to manage it, for he was not strong enough himself. - So after thinking a great deal, he went to an old sly Fox that lived near,

and said to him, Fox, if you will come with me I will shew you where there is a large fat Cock in a farm-yard, and you may eat him up if you will. The Fox was very glad, for he was hungry enough ; and he said, Yes, I will come with all my heart, and I will not leave a feather of him. So they went together, and the Cock shewed Reynard the way into the farm-yard ; and there was poor Chanticleer asleep upon the perch. And the Fox seized him by the neck, and ate him up ; and

the other Cock stood by and crowed for joy. But when the Fox had done, he said, Chanticleer was very good, but I have not had enough ; and so he flew upon the other Cock, and ate him up too in a moment.

...C...

I will tell you a story.

There was a little boy whose name was Harry ; and his papa and mamma sent him to school. Now Harry was a clever fellow, and loved his book ; and he got to be first in his class. So his mamma got up one

morning very early, and called Betty the maid, and said, Betty, I think we must make a cake for Harry, for he has learned his book very well. And Betty said, Yes, with all my heart. So they made a nice cake. It was very large and stuffed full of plums and sweetmeats, orange and citron : and it was iced all over with sugar : it was white and smooth on the top like snow. So this cake was sent to the school. When little Harry saw it he was very glad, and jumped about for joy : and he hard

ly stayed for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a little dog. So he ate till the bell rang for school, and after school, he ate again, and ate till he went to bed: nay, his bed-fellow told me that he laid his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat some. So he ate till it was all gone.—But presently after this little boy was very sick, and ill, and every body said, I wonder what is the matter with Harry—he used to be so brisk, and play about more nimbly than any of the

boys; and now he looks pale and is very ill. And someboby said, Harry has had a rich cake, and ate it all up very soon, and that has made him ill. So they sent for Dr. Camomile, and he gave him I do not know how much bitter stuff. Poor Harry did not like it at all, but he was forced to take it, or else he would have died, you know. So at last he got well again, but his mamma said she would send him no more cakes.

Now there was another boy, who

was one of Harry's school-fellows : his name was Peter ; the boys used to call him Peter Careful. And Peter had written his mamma a very neat pretty letter—there was not one blot in it all. So his mamma sent him a cake. Now Peter thought with himself I will not make myself sick with this good cake, as silly Harry did : I will keep it a great while. So he took the cake, and tugged it up the stairs. It was very heavy : he could hardly carry it. And he locked it up in his box, and



once a day he crept slyly up stairs, and ate a very little piece, and then locked his box again. So he kept it several weeks, and it was not gone, for it was very large ; but, behold ! the mice got into his box and nibbled some. And the cake grew dry and mouldy, and at last was good for nothing at all. So he was obliged to throw it away, and it grieved him to the very heart, and nobody was sorry for him.

Well ; there was another little boy at the same school whose name

was Billy. And one day his man-  
ma sent him a cake, because she  
loved him dearly, and he loved her  
dearly. So when the cake came,  
Billy said to his school-fellows, I  
have got a cake, come let us go and  
eat it. So they came about him  
like a parcel of bees; and Billy  
took a slice of cake himself, and  
then gave a piece to one, and a  
piece to another, till it was almost  
gone. Then Billy put the rest by,  
and said, I will eat it to-morrow.  
So he went to play, and the boys

all played together very merrily.

29 But presently after an old blind Fiddler came into the court; he had a long white beard; and, because he was blind, he had a little dog in a string to lead him. So he came into the court, and sat down upon a stone, and said, My pretty lads, if you will, I will play you a tune. And they all left off their sport, and came and stood round. And Billy saw that while he played the tears ran down his cheeks. And Billy said, Old man, why do

you cry? And the old man said,  
Because I am very hungry—I have  
nobody to give me any dinners or  
suppers—I have nothing in the  
world but this little dog; and I  
cannot work. If I could work I  
would. Then Billy went, without  
saying a word, and fetched the rest  
of his cake, which he had intended  
to have eaten another day, and he  
said, Here, old man! here is some  
cake for you. The old man said,  
Where is it? for I am blind, I cannot  
see it. So Billy put it into his hat.  
And the Fiddler thanked him, and

Billy was more glad than if he had eaten ten cakes.

Pray which do you love best? do you love Harry, or Peter, or Billy best?



Little boy, come to me. Tell me how far from home have you been in your life? I think I should like to go a great long way with you, and see what we could see: for there are a great many places in the world besides home. Bring your hat. Good-bye, Papa. Fare-

well, Billy, and Harry, and every body. We are going a great way off. And we shall go down the lane, and through the church-yard, and by the corner-house, and over the stile, till we have got quite into the fields. How pretty the fields will look ! for it will be summer days again before we go. And there will be yellow flowers, and white flowers, and grass, and trees, and hedges ; and the grasshoppers will chirp, under our feet. Do not try to catch them ; it will hinder us.

and we have a great way to go.

Pray what are those pretty creatures that look so meek and good-natured, and have soft thick white wool upon their backs, like a great coat, and make a noise like the little baby when it cries? Those are sheep and lambs. And what are those creatures with horns, that are bigger than the sheep? Some of them are black, and some red: they make a loud noise, but they do not look as if they would hurt any body. Those are cows that give milk

Stroke them. Poor cows! Stand still and look back. Now we cannot see papa's house at all; and we can see only the top of the church steeple. Let us go a little farther. Now we cannot see the church at all. Farewell! We are going a great way. Shall we ever come back again? Yes, we shall come back again; but we must go on now. Come, make haste.

What is that tall thing that has four great arms which move very fast; I believe, if I was near it,



they would strike me down. It is a Wind-mill. Those arms are the sails. The wind turns them round. And what is a wind-mill for? It is to grind corn. You could have no bread if the corn were not ground. Well, but here is a river; how shall we do to get over it? Why, do not you see how those ducks do? they swim over. But I cannot swim. Then you must learn to swim, I believe; it is too wide to jump over. O here is a Bridge! Somebody has made a bridge for us quite over the

river. That somebody was very good, for I do not know what we should have done without it; and he was very clever too. I wonder how he made it. I am sure I could not make such a bridge.

Well, we must go on, on, on; and we shall see more rivers and more fields, and towns bigger than our town a great deal—large towns, and fine churches, streets, and people—more than there is at the fair. And we shall have a great many high hills to climb. I believe

I must get somebody to carry the little boy up those high hills. And sometimes we shall go through dusty sandy roads ; and sometimes through green lanes, where we shall hear the birds sing. Sometimes we shall go over wide commons, where we shall see no trees, nor any house ; and large heaths, where there is hardly any grass—only some purple flowers, and a few black-nosed little sheep. Ha ! did you see that pretty brown creature that ran across the path ? Here is

another ; and look ! there is another : there are a great many. They are rabbits, They live here, and make themselves houses in the ground. This is a rabbit warren.

Now we are come amongst a great many trees—more trees than there are in the orchard by a great many ; and taller trees. There is oak, and ash, and elm. This is a Wood. What great boughs the trees have ! like thick arms. The sun cannot shine amongst the trees, they are so thick. Look, there is a squirrel ! Jumping from one tree to

another. He is very nimble. What a pretty tail he has !

Well ; when we have gone on a great many days, through a great many fields and towns, we shall come to a great deep water, bigger a great many times than the river, for you can see over the river, you know—you can see fields on the other side : but this is so large, and so wide, you can see nothing but water, water, as far as ever you can carry your eyes. And it is not smooth, like the river ; it is all rough, like the great pot in the

kitchen when it is boiling, And it is so deep, it would drown you if you were as tall as two church steeples. I wonder what they call this great water! there is an old, old fisherman, sitting upon a stone drying himself; for he is very wet, I think we will ask him. Pray fisherman, what is this great water? It is the sea: did you never hear of the sea? What! is this great water the same sea that is in our map at home? Yes, it is. Well, this is very strange! we are come

to the sea that is in our map. But it is very little in the map. I can lay my finger over it. Yes it is little in the map, because every thing is little in the map : the towns are little, and the rivers are little.

Pray, fisherman, is there any thing on the other side of this sea ? Yes ; fields, and towns, and people. Will you go and see them ; I should like to go very well ; but how must we do to get over ? for there is no bridge here. Do not you see those great wooden boxes that

swim upon the water? They are bigger than all papa's house. There are tall poles in the middle as high as a tree. Those are masts. See! now they are spreading the sails. Those white sheets are the sails. they are like wings. These wooden boxes are like houses with wings. Yes, and I will tell you what, little boy! they are made on purpose to go over the sea; and the wind blows them along faster than a horse can trot. What do they call them? They call them ships. You have



seen a ship in a picture. Shall we get in? What have those men in the ship got on? they have jackets and trowsers on, and checked shirts. They are sailors. I think we will make you a sailor; and then instead of breeches you must have a pair of trowsers. Do you see that sailor, how he climbs up the ropes? He is very nimble. He runs up like a monkey. Now he is at the top of the mast. How little he looks! But we must get in. Come, make haste: they will

not stay for us. What are you doing? picking up shells! We must get into the the boat first, because the ship is not near enough. Now we are in.

Now we are upon the great sea. Blow, blow, wind! Sail away ship! There are little rooms in the ship. Those little rooms are called cabins. Let us walk about, and look at the ship. Why you cannot walk steady: I am afraid you are tipsy! Because the ship rolls about. But the sailors can walk steady. The sea is not like the river; it is greenish. Well;

here is water enough if we should be thirsty. Yes, here is water enough ; but you would not like to drink it. It is salt and bitter. You could not drink it. How fast we go ! Now the fields are a great way off. Now we cannot see any green fields at all, nor any houses, nor any thing but the great deep water. It is water all round as far as ever we can see. Yes, and sky ; we can see the sky too. All sky over our heads, and all water every where round us ! Do not be afraid,

little boy! Blow, blow, wind! sail away ship! I see some things in the sea at a great distance. Those are more ships and boats. How very small they are! they look like nut shells in a great pond. O, now we are coming to the green fields and towns on the side of the sea! I can see them a little. Now I can see them very plain. And here is a little piece of green land, with the water running all round it. That is an island. A piece of land with water all round it, is an island. But we are not going there; we

are going to the great land.

Now we are at the land. Get out of the ship. Pray, what country is this? This is France. France! why France is in the map too. And pray what is the name of that country we came from, where we live, and where Papa lives? It is England. And the deep sea is between France and England? Yes, you know it is so in the map.

O, France is a pretty place! It is warmer than our country: and here are pretty flowers and fine

fruit, and large grapes. I never saw such large grapes in all my life. And the vines grow in the fields; the do not grow against walls, as our vines do. And there are a great many people, men and women, and little boys and girls, singing, and dancing about, and so merry! nothing can be like it. I think we will live here, and send for papa and Arthur. Let us go and talk with those people. Here, you little girl! pray give us some of your nice fruit. *Serviteur Monsieur*, What do you say, little girl? I do not

understand you. I cannot help that. Here is an old man cutting the vines ; we will speak to him. Pray, old man, will you give us some of your fruit ? We are come a great way to see you. *Serviteur Monsieur.* What do you say ? We do not know what *Serviteur Monsieur* is. It is French. But we do not understand French. I cannot help that ; you must go home and learn. And why do you speak French ? Because this is France. Did not you know that every body speaks French

in France? Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!  
Ho, ho, ho! Here is a foolish little  
boy come a great way over the sea,  
and does not know that every body  
speaks French in France. Ha, ha,  
ha! He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho!  
Here is a foolish little boy come a  
great way over the sea, and does  
not know that every body speaks  
French in France. Ha, ha, ha!  
He, he, he! Ho, ho, ho!—What  
shall we do, little boy! every body  
laughs at us; and all the little birds  
twitter and chirp at us. We will



go home again. Farewell, France !  
We will not go to France again till  
papa has taught us to talk French.  
Let us get into the ship again.  
Blow, wind ! sail away, ship ! Now  
we are got back again. Pray, papa,  
teach the little boy French before  
he goes a great way abroad again.



I will tell you a story about two  
little boys, Sam and Harry.—One  
fine summer's day Sam was walking  
home from school, over the fields.  
He sauntered slowly along, for it

was very pleasant, and he was reading in a pretty story-book which he had just bought with his week's money, and sometimes he lay down under a tree and read, and the birds sung over his head, and he was a happy little boy. Well, at length, he got over a stile and came into the high road, and there was a gate across the road and a blind beggar stood holding the gate open, and said, Pray, bestow a halfpenny. But Sam gave him nothing. What! did Sam give the poor blind beggar

nothing? No, because he had nothing to give, for, as I told you, he had spent his money. So he walked through, and looked rather sorrowful. And in a minute or two afterwards, a smart curricie came driving down to the gate, and Harry and his Mamma were in it. And the blind man stood and held his hat. Let us give the poor blind man something, said Harry immediately to his Mamma. So his Mamma gave him a handful of halfpence which she had just received from the last turnpike man. And Harry

took them eagerly, but instead of putting them into the poor mans's hat, which he held out for them, he threw the whole handful as far as he could scatter them into the hedge. The poor man could not find them there you know, and looked very melancholy; But Sam, who had turned his head to look at the fine curricie, saw Harry fling the halfpence, and came back, and looked carefully in the hedge, and in the grass, and all about, till, one by one, he had found all the halfpence; and besides the trouble he

had, it took him so much time, that he almost lost his dinner by coming too late. Now pray which do you think was most kind to the poor blind man, Harry or Sam? I know very well which he thanked most in his heart.

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You know how many legs a horse has? Yes, a horse has four legs. And do you know what an animal is called that has four legs? It is called a Quadruped. The Cow is a quadruped; and the Dog, and the

Lion, and all the beasts. But birds are not quadrupeds, for they have only two legs. Some quadrupeds have hoofs. The Horse has hoofs; so has the Ass, and the Cow: but the Dog has no hoofs; the Dog has toes with claws; so the dog is not hoofed but digitated; and the Cat and the Squirrel, and a great many more, are digitated. The hoof of the horse is whole, it is all in one piece; but the hoof of the Cow is parted, as if it were two hoofs. That is being cloven-footed.

the hoof is cloven. The Cow, and the Sheep, and the Hog, and the Stag, are all cloven-footed ; but the Horse and the Ass, have whole hoofs,

...C...

What a pretty sight a poultry-yard is ! There is the Hen chuckling, the Cock strutting about, the Peacock spreading his tail, the Drake shewing his fine plumage as he sails in the pond, the Turkeys gobbling, and the Guinea Hens crying, 'Come back, Come back,'

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for which reason in Norfolk they call them *Comebacks*. But these fowls are very jealous of a new comer, and often treat him very ill. I will tell you a little story about that.—There was a gentleman who had a yard full of all these kinds of fowls, and they lived very sociably together, but one day the gentleman bought a Bantam Cock, and sent him in among them. He was very finely mottled and feathered down to the toes ; but, for some reason or other, the rest took a dislike to him. I think it very



no, provided they could but laugh. So one fine summer's day, when they had said their lessons, they took a walk through the long grass in the meadows. William began to blow the Dandelions, and the feathered seeds flew in the wind like arrows, but Edward said, Let us tie the grass, it will be very good sport to tie the long grass over the path, and to see people tumble upon their noses as they run along, and do not suspect any thing of the matter. So they tied it in several

places, and then hid themselves to see who would pass. And presently a farmer's boy came trudging along, and down he tumbled, and lay sprawling on the ground ; however, he had nothing to do but to get up again, so there was not much harm done this time. Then there came Susan the milk-maid, tripping along with her milk-pail upon her shoulders, and singing like a lark. When her foot struck against the place where the grass was tied, down she came, with her pail rat-

ting about her shoulders, and her milk was all spilt upon the ground.

Then Edward said, Poor Susan! I think I should not like to be served so myself, let us untie the grass.

No, no, said William, if the milk is spilt there are some pigs that will lick it up, let us have some more fun; I see a man running along, as if he were running for a wager, I am sure he will fall upon his nose.

And so the man did, and William and Edward both laughed; but when the man did not get up again.

they began to be frightened, and went up to him and asked him if he was hurt. O masters, said the man, some thoughtless boys, I do not know who they are, have tied the grass together over the path, and as I was running with all my might, it threw me down, and I have sprained my ankle so that I shall not be able to walk for a month. I am very sorry, said Edward, have you a great deal of pain? O yes, said the man, but that I do not mind, but I was going

in a great hurry to fetch a surgeon to bleed a gentleman who is in a fit, and they say he will die if he is not bled. Then Edward and William both turned pale as ashes, and said, Where does the surgeon live? we will go for him, we will run all the way. He lives at the next town, said the man, but it is a mile off, and you cannot run so fast as I should have done; you are only boys. Where must we tell the surgeon to come to? said William. He must come to the white house,

at the end of the long chesnut avenue, said the man : he is a very good gentleman that lives there.

O it is papa ! it is our dear papa !

said the two boys. O papa will die, what must we do !—I do not know whether their papa died or no, I believe he got well again ; but I am sure of one thing, that Edward and William never tied the grass to throw people down again as long as they lived.

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See! I have brought you a picture, what is it a picture of?

It is a picture of a horse.

Is it *like* a horse?

O yes, very like. How well he holds his head. What a fine mane. How he stretches out his legs. He is galloping very fast indeed.

What is this word that is written under?

That is *Horse* too.

Is that *like* a horse?

I do not know. I do not quite understand the question, it *means* horse.

If you were to shew it a Frenchman that had not learned English, would he know that it means horse?

No, not till he was told.

If you were to ask him what word means Horse, what would he say?

He would say *Cheval*.

But if you were to shew him this picture, would he know what it is?

Yes, directly.

Or an Italian, or a Spaniard, or a German?

Yes, any body would know it directly, without being told.

If you were to take this picture and cut it in pieces, what would you have?

I should have the head in one piece, and the legs in another, and the body in another.

And the legs would be like legs, would they not, and the body like a body.

Yes.

But if you were to take the word horse, and cut it in pieces, what would you have?

I should have letters h, and o,
and r, and s, and e.

Would those letters be the legs
and head?

No, they would mean nothing.

Could you have known that the
word *horse* means horse before you
were told?

No, I remember learning to
read it, I did not know it before.

But you would always have
known the *picture* of a horse; your
little cousin that cannot read at all,
and can hardly speak, knows that,
and tries to neigh when he sees it.

Nay, animals will know a picture if it is very well done ; there is a story of a man that painted a bunch of grapes so very well, that the birds came and picked at it ; but do you think you could have taught a bird to read ?

No indeed.

Well, then you see that the *picture* of a horse is really *like* a horse, but the *word* is not. The word only means horse, because people chose to make it so ; any other letters would have done as well. If they had chosen that RAB

should mean horse, it would have meant horse; but nobody could make the picture of an eagle to be the picture of a horse, because a picture must be *like* the thing it is a picture of.

Words are arbitrary marks of our ideas, but you cannot understand that sentence yet, I have tried to explain the thing.



The Ass says, I am a Quadruped;
I am a very patient good creature.
I have hoofs, and very long ears :

I bray very loud. The horse is frightened when I bray, and starts back ; but I am very meek, and never hurt any thing. My young ones are colts ; I suckle them. I am not so big as a horse, and I cannot gallop fast, but I work very hard. Sometimes I carry little boys on my back, two or three at a time, and they whip me, and prick my sides, to make me go faster. I carry greens to market, and turnips, and potatoes ; and sometimes I carry a great load of pans, and

mugs, and pots, with which my back is almost broke; and I get nothing for my dinner but a few prickly thistles and some coarse grass from off the common: and I have no stable to go into as a Horse has; I always lie out in the fields, in the snow, and in the rain, but I am very contented. I give milk as well as the Cow; and my milk is very good for people that are sick, to make them well again.

Handwritten signature

Ha! what is there amongst the furze? I can see only its eyes. It has very large full eyes. It is a Hare. It is in its form, squatting down amongst the bushes to hide itself, for it is very fearful. The Hare is very innocent and gentle. Its colour is brown; but in countries which are very cold it turns white as snow. It has a short bushy tail; its lip is parted, and very hairy: and it always moves its lips. Its hind legs are very long, that it may run the better. The Hare

feeds upon herbs, and roots, and the bark of young trees, and green corn; and sometimes it will creep through the hedge, and steal into the gardens, to eat pinks and a little parsley; and it loves to play and skip about by moon-light, and to bite the tender blades of grass when the dew is upon them; but in the day-time it sleeps in its form. It sleeps with its eyes open, because it is very fearful and timid, and when it hears the least noise it starts and pricks up its large ears.

And when the huntsman sounds his horn, and the poor harmless Hare hears the Dogs coming, then it runs away very swiftly straight forward, stretching its legs, and leaves them all behind. But the Dogs pursue her, and she grows tired, and cannot run so fast as at first. Then she doubles, and turns, and runs back to her form, that the hounds may not find her; but they run with their noses to the ground, smelling till they have found her out. So when she has run five or

six miles, at last she stops and pants for breath; and can run no further. Then the hounds come up, and tear her, and kill her. Then when she is dead, her little limbs, which moved so fast, grow quite stiff, and cannot move at all. A snail could go faster than a hare when it is dead : and its poor little heart that beat so quick, is quite still and cold ; and its round full eyes are dull and dim ; and its soft furry skin is all torn and bloody.

It is good for nothing now but to be roasted.



All birds that swim in the water are web-footed. Their toes are joined together by a skin that grows between them; that is being web-footed; and it helps the birds to swim well, for then their feet are like the fins of a fish.

The Swan says my name is Swan: I am a large bird, larger than a goose. My bill is red, but the sides of it are black, and I have black

about my eyes. My legs are dusky, but my feet are red, and I am web-footed. My body is all white, as white as snow, and very beautiful. I have a very long neck. I live in rivers and lakes. I eat plants that grow in the water, and seeds, and little insects, and snails. I do not look pretty when I walk upon the ground, for I cannot walk well at all; but when I am in the water, swimming smoothly along, arching my long neck, and dipping my white breast, with which

I make way through the water; I am the most graceful of all birds.

I build my nest in a little island amongst the reeds and rushes. I

make it of sticks and long grass : it is very large and high. Then I

lay my eggs, which are white, and very large, larger a great deal than

a goose's egg ; and I sit upon them for two months ; then they

are hatched, and my young ones come out. They are called cygnets.

They are not white at first, but greyish. If any body was to come

near me when I am in my nest, sitting upon my eggs, or when I have my young ones, I should fly at him; for I am very fierce to defend my young: and if you were to come to take them away, I should beat you down with my strong pinion, and perhaps break your arm. I live a very great while.



The Sun says, My name is Sun. I am very bright. I rise in the east; and when I rise then it is day. I look in at your window with my

bright golden eye, and tell you when it is time to get up; and I say, Sluggard, get up: I do not shine for you to lie in your bed and sleep, but I shine for you to get up and work, and read, and walk about. I am a great traveller, I travel all over the sky; I never stop, and I never am tired. I have a crown upon my head of bright beams, and I send forth my rays every where. I shine upon the trees and the houses, and upon the water; and every thing looks sparkling and beautiful when I shine

upon it. I give you light, and I give you heat, for I make it warm. I make the fruit ripen, and the corn ripen. If I did not shine upon the fields and upon the gardens, nothing would grow. I am up very high in the sky, higher than all trees, higher than the clouds, higher than every thing. I am a great way off. If I were to come nearer you, I should scorch you to death, and I should burn up the grass, for I am all made of hot glowing fire. I have been in the sky a great while. Four years ago there was no Charles;

Charles was not alive then, but there was a Sun. I was in the sky before papa and mamma were alive, a great many long years ago ; and I am not grown old yet. Sometimes I take off my crown of bright rays, and wrap up my head in thin silvery clouds, and then you may look at me ; but when there are no clouds, and I shine with all my brightness at noon-day, you cannot look at me, for I should dazzle your eyes, and make you blind. Only the Eagle can look at me then : the

Eagle with his strong piercing eye
can gaze upon me always. And
when I am going to rise in the
morning and make it day, the Lark
flies up in the sky to meet me, and
sings sweetly in the air; and the
Cock crows loud to tell every body
that I am coming: but the Owl and
the Bat fly away when they see me,
and hide themselves in old walls and
hollow trees; and the Lion and the
Tiger go into their dens and caves,
where they sleep all the day. I
shine in all places. I shine in En-

gland and in France, and in Spain, and all over the earth. I am the most beautiful and glorious creature that can be seen in the whole world.

...○...

The Moon says, My name is Moon ; I shine to give you light in the night when the sun is set. I am very beautiful and white like silver. You may look at me always, for I am not so bright as to dazze your eyes, and I never scorch you. I am mild and gentle. I let even

the little glow-worms shine, which are quite dark by day. The stars shine all round me, but I am larger and brighter than the stars, and I look like a large pearl amongst a great many small sparkling diamonds. When you are asleep I shine through your curtains with my gentle beams, and I say, Sleep on, poor little tired boy, I will not disturb you. The nightingale sings to me, who sings better than all the birds of the air. She sits upon a thorn and sings melodiously all

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